

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



**INTRODUCTORY
NUMBER**

VOL. LVI

OCTOBER, 1936

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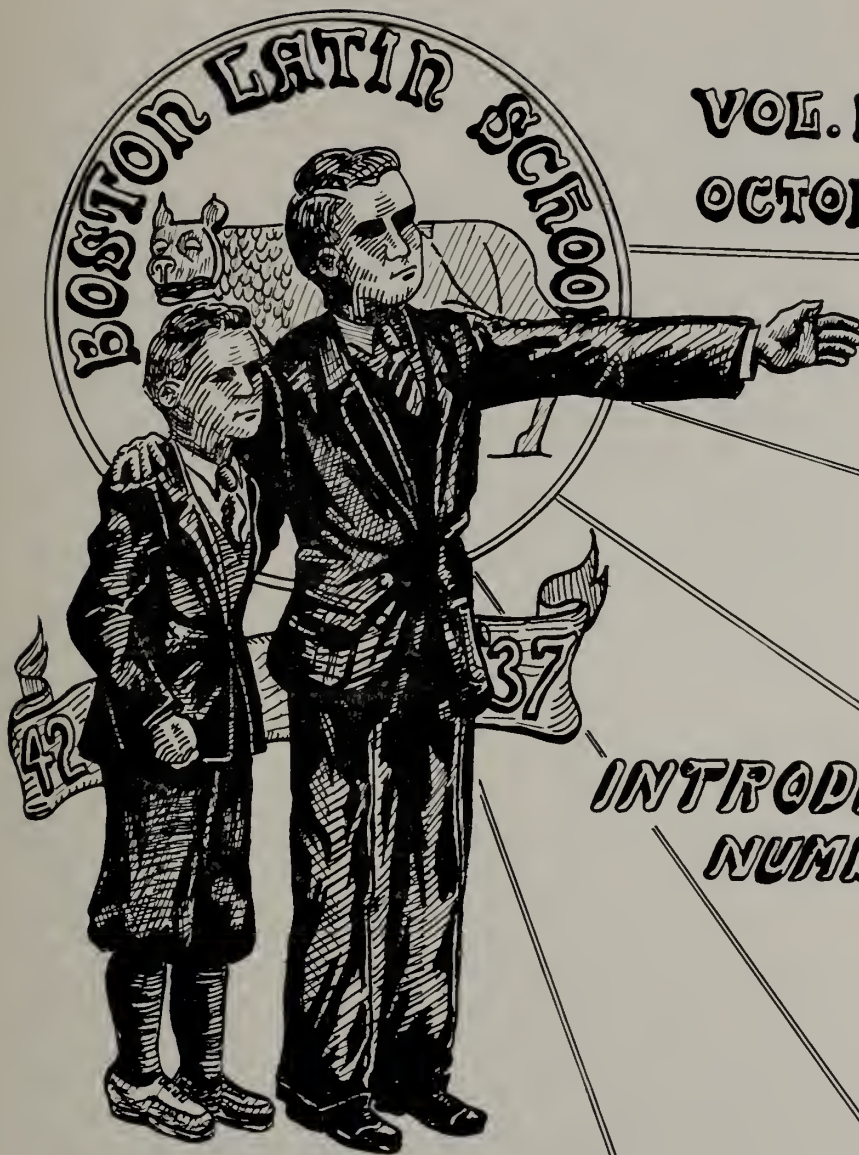
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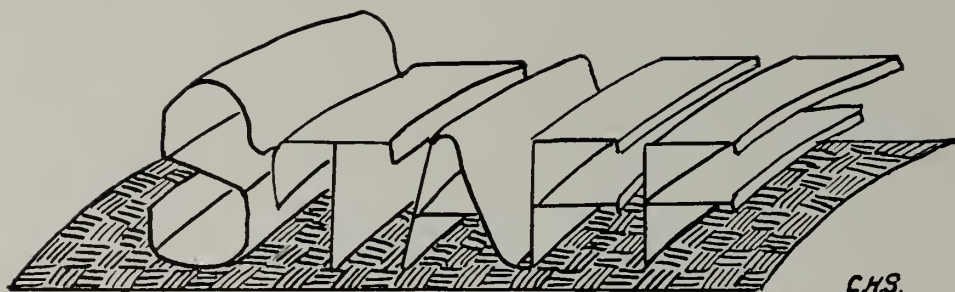
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EDITORIAL

It has been the time-worn custom and not painless duty of the editors of the "*Register*" to devote the first article of the opening issue to the stimulation of enthusiasm and a spirit of participation. This year they feel impelled to do likewise; they have no alternative.

The success of a publication depends, of course, on its contents; the co-essentials are quality—and quantity. It is through the medium of quantity that quality is obtained, for from a wealth of material can be selected the choicest bits which constitute the finished product—the magazine as it comes to you.

One of the objects of the "*Register*" is to stimulate thought and expression. The road lies open before us; it is our task to follow this road. It is a big task, for what is required is extensive co-operation. On the other hand, the source of material lies in the school; and, without doubt, the school will rise to the occasion.

So "hie ye hither"—you poets, writers, artists, and what-ever-you-be—and let us publish the best *Register* we have ever had.

C. G. Pappas, '37

AUTUMN, 1936

For some three hundred odd years now, succeeding generations of classes in Latin School have, about this time of year, returned from vacation to a totally different scheme of life, devoted, supposedly, to learning and labor. At this time two phases of school life are salient. On the one hand, the simple mechanics of the school itself is set in motion. However, this usually is anything but delectable to the pupil; it is something predetermined, an evil cast upon him, one over which he has little control. Yet there is another feature. Autumn can symbolize the reunion of friends and classmates separated by vacation; for those who wish to make it such (and this matter is purely dependent on the volition of the individual), it can mark the advent into a rich and diverse field, wherein can be enjoyed all the merriment and benefits of comradeship and co-operation.

The school has never been deficient in apt students and the fame such sons bring her. It often seems, however, that such pupils believe they have done enough in connection with school as soon as the definite subject-matter has been covered. Too often are neglected the club activities, sports, and the school publication, which form supplements that are probably as valuable as, and are surely more interesting than, the strict school routine.

To a Senior particularly, his school ought to be a little more than a series of classrooms. Around it are concentrated the events and friendships of many a year. All the other classes are similarly involved, for it is necessary to sow now the seed of friendship and that mystical "school spirit" which is to grow and ripen in the next few years. The introduction of a better spirit of co-operation and goodfellowship will add directly not only to the students' pleasure, but will, in addition, increase the general respect for the school and her graduates.

What would seem to be desired is that the graduate, in departing hence, would be able to take forth not only a record of scholastic achievement, but also an appreciation and fondness for the events and friendships of his stay here, and a certain satisfaction in having got the very most from the years and, perhaps, a little more than what is listed in the curriculum.

John J. Colahan, '37

A BALLOT--AND A PLEA

Even as far back as the fifteenth century all classes of editors were faced with a problem. Their duty, as ours is today, was to edit a magazine or pamphlet that would inspire the universal acclaim of its reading public. An editor does not cater to his authors, but primarily to those people who come in contact with his volume. The reader's word is law; his slightest whim is granted without deliberation; his meekest criticism is a topic for discussion. You, comrades-in-arms, are the ones whose hisses, cheers, and boos we respect so highly.

Therefore, in order to tap this vein of your pleasure or displeasure, we have placed on this page a reader's ballot for you to cut out, check, and file with your Room Reporter. Thus we can read the thermometer of your preference.

Notice particularly the blanks left for suggestions or criticisms. This we consider the most important part of the whole poll, for we learn by it the personal impression of each boy without the drudgery of interview.

We would like to make this year a banner year for the *Register*, but we need the wholehearted support of the entire school. The drips of sweat from many shoulders to the wheel grease the path to success. We hope to have every Senior contribute something, anything to the magazine this year, even if we can't publish it. Also keep in mind, you fellows from Class II on down to Class VI, you are the future editors of the *Register*, and the sooner you start working, the better are the possibilities of your success.

David S. McNally '37

THIS IS YOUR MAGAZINE

What type fiction do *You* like best? (check one)

Adventure

Sport

Mystery

Historical

Any other

What special features do *You* prefer? (check one)

Memorabilia

R. R. R.

Do You Know That

Alumni

Books

Sports

Any other

Suggestions

(Clip this and give it to your Room Reporter)

FATE AND THE SEA

Strange is the story of "Ned" Simmons, and stranger still would be any attempted explanation of it. For in him we have the tale of a soul misplaced and of a body containing an alien heart. Foolish words? Certainly, but not in a dozen chapters could I enlighten you as to their meaning. In order to get on with the story, therefore, suffice it so say that "Ned" Simmons, a farmer of farmers born, was strangely not of the sod. In his body was a soul in complete incongruity with its surroundings. No, reader, you don't understand; but there neither did "Ned" Simmons—so on with the tale.

"Ned" Simmons' youth was one continuous nightmare. Object of sly remarks wherever he went, ostracized by playmates, and bereft of all sympathy and friendship, his suffering was made all the more acute because of his ignorance of the cause. The child just could not understand why he should be frowned upon merely because of his involuntary dislike of everything connected with the sod. It was not till he reached his teens and started reading that "Ned" really became aware of the tragedy that was being enacted within him. Then, after his choice had narrowed down to a certain few books, "Ned" discovered the astounding truth. For they were books about ships, and sailors, and the blue, bounding sea. Yes, "Ned" Simmons, farmer by heritage, had a heart which forever craved waters that he had never seen.

Years passed slowly for "Ned" Simmons. Gray years they were, and weary years—years of anguish and of a heart suppressed. The lad became a man; the man got a farm and a wife along with it; and with the wife came children. She was faithful, the wife, doing her utmost to satisfy her mate. He, however, treated her less as a human being than as a

necessary addition to the farm. "Ned" Simmons concealed well his strange craving for the deep through the years, and never did his family suspect it. Nevertheless, it was there—a latent spark, needing but a wisp of breeze, a passing cloud—anything at all—to fan it into heart-racking flame. Every morning he went to the field, and every evening he came home, an ordinary farmer—with a misplaced soul.

(FAR ABOVE A MIGHTY FATE STIRRED ITS MIGHTY HAND AND TURNED THE WHEEL OF LIFE)

One day, two men knocked at the Simmons cottage. They explained to the puzzled farmer that they wished to drill on his land, because they thought it might contain oil, and finally received permission. Equipment was speedily assembled, labor hired, and the drilling began. For six days the rod bit deeper and deeper into the ground, and for six days the Simmons family lived with breath abated. Old "Ned" was in a perpetual daze, hardly daring to voice the thoughts within him. Long-burst dreams suddenly awoke in full glory, and daring hopes pounded through his blood. Finally, however, came the seventh day, and with it the gates of heaven opened for "Ned" Simmons; for on that seventh day they struck oil.

When the glorious news reached the old farmer, he was leaning against a tree. He did not immediately grasp their meaning and for a moment looked about him dazedly; then, he fell to the ground in a listless heap. To the old heart, weakened by years of hidden anguish, this sudden realization of abandoned dreams had been the last straw.

Were he poor, he wouldn't have had a chance; but even as they rushed him to the hospital, his bank account was mounting and black gold continued to flood his

fields. Doctors, nurses, serums, anything that money could command was now his; and "Ned" Simmons pulled through. To be sure, he had to lie for weeks in the hospital, but they were not wasted weeks. On the contrary, he worked harder than he had ever worked before. His new-found money was like a toy, and he distributed it carelessly. At last the chance to fulfill his life's craving had come, and he hastened to take advantage of it. He bought a ship, hired a crew, and spent night and day poring over maritime charts. He seemed completely "berserk" and talked of nothing but waves, ocean, and water. The day of departure for the coast approached, much too slowly for the impatient man; but did finally arrive. The day before, he rushed everywhere and got nowhere. Family, friends, sick heart, all was forgotten in the fever of anticipation. The morning of his departure he was up at five, and by six he was at the airport. A hasty adieu to all, a last look at old faces, and at last the old man

was launched towards the object of his existence, the all-powerful sea.

For a while he sat motionless in the comfortable airliner. Then, he was seized by such a powerful fit of emotion that he tumbled down to his knees. Forgotten were the aching nights and the tears so generously shed, forgotten the torture of suppressing that seething desire which had turned his hair white before his years. The old man, upon his knees and with shaking voice, whispered words of thanks to the Almighty for the joy which would soon be his. The plane sped on.

"Seems there's been another o' those airplane crashups, Si," said Farmer No. 1 to Farmer No. 2.

"Uh huh," replied Farmer No. 2.

"Seems like one of those millionaire fellows, name of N. Simmons, was killed too. Yeh, and what's more, paper says he crashed right near his old home. Paper calls it a co-co--, paper calls it a funny thing."

"Uh huh," replied Farmer No. 2.

Herbert Weiner, '37.

ALLEGORY

The grackles have eaten all the cherries.
 All day I watched them,
 Powerless.
 They brought the robins,
 The sparrow;
 Even blue-jays came and screamed,
 "Thief!"
 At me behind my window.
 But they were the thieves.
 I waved my hand,
 Rattled the window-pane;
 But they just looked at me
 And kept on
 Eating.

David S. McNally, '37.

THE LAST GOAL

The clarion ring of steel blades on ice rang cheerfully through the sleeping woods. Reflecting the rays of the morning sun, a great mass of ice, covered with the whirling shapes of speeding skaters, shone among the trees.

The puck was mine! Dribbling down the rink across the imaginary blue line and swerving towards the defense, I shot for the goal. It was a low, bullet-like shot, ankle high; but the efficient goalie deftly whipped it away on the end of his stick. . . . The attack was on! Gold and gray jerseys stormed the gates of our defense, only to lose the puck in the scrimmage. Back and forth the battle surged, blue and white mixed with the gold and gray. For fleeting instants the cries of spectators mounted above the sounds of battle; for it was the last game of the year.

Hemlock and Warburton High—these two were names to conjure with in the annals of Manitoba hockey. Let me see now; yes, it was at least fifteen years since the rivalry began—fifteen years of heated combat upon the frozen field of battle; fifteen years of friendly strife, with Warburton having the very narrow edge

of eight games to seven. We of Hemlock were not to be denied this day as our sweating bodies crashed and counter-checked over the little black puck.

I could feel the minutes of the last period falling away as the game went on scoreless and the air became charged with the tension of those closing minutes. Even the spectators were hushed and waiting.

"René, René," I hoarsely screamed across the ice; "here! Over—over!"

My teammate had the puck and skillfully squeezed a long, slashing pass to me. I whirled behind one of our men and raced ahead with my charge. Oh, that was a wicked shot I made that next dreadful minute! Square between the eyes the drive caught the poor goalie, and the puck, with a dab of red on the side, danced crazily back into play, onto the end of René's stick.

The timekeeper stood with his eyes on his watch and his gun in the air. In the cage the goal-keeper was sagging down. The net was open! René coolly shot the black disc against the sideboards as a gun shot wrote *Finis* to the drama. . . . Well, the next year we tried again.

David S. McNally, '37.

AN OPINION

Members in Class I	250	Think said jokes are funny	0
Belong to Glee Club	121	Will finish reading this column	13
Should belong to Glee Club	7	Won't like column	249
Intend going to Harvard	137	Want names in <i>Register</i>	250
Won't get in	120	Talk about "My Girl"	217
Will go to Prom	192	Have a girl	5
Know how to dance	43	Agree with master	250
Complain of homelessons	226	Understand masters	11
Do homelessons	226		
Laugh at teacher's jokes	241		

George C. Risman, '37.

"STRAINED INTERLUDE"

THE CHARACTERS:

Mr. Meanor Mark—Education's emissary to Rm. 3.1416. What's in a name?

Castor Pollux the Second—Known as C. P. 2. On the baseball team, he lives up to the adage, "Little pitchers have big ears."

Florian Flunk—Learning's last frontier—bounded north and south by hair and chins, east and west by two cauliflower ears; between, a perfect vacuum.

Three Politicians—Running for class committee, class committee, and class committee, respectively.

ACT I

The Scene: Pollux's shoe. There is a fly squatting on it.

Flunk: Squish (Author's note: Flunk does not actually say "Squish". However, as he is second only to the fly in connection with the sound, we give Flunk the credit)

Pollux: Ouch!

The fly: Et tu, Brute? Then die, fly! (Dies)

M. M.: How quaint, and yet how touching. Flunk and Pollux, I think we can arrange a little post mortem celebration here at 2:30.

Flunk (to Pollux): If he ever took anything out of cellophane, it would still be untouched by human hand.

M. M. (cavesdropping): Flunk, how too, too anthropological! Have you any other ideas on the subject? You may air your views. (Flunk complies, puts head out of window.) Oh Flunk, it's a cruel, cold world. Pull in your neck to those that love you. (Flunk pulls in his neck, those that love him gaze at him curiously, wondering why dodo birds are called extinct. Flunk taxes his creative powers to form a lap, or less obscurely, to be seated.)

The bell: Ring . . . Ring . . .

The class: Goody!

Mr. M. M.: Goody!

The curtain falls on Act I (The editors: "Goody!")

ACT II

A corridor. Huddled together in a secluded spot are three figures. These three make a fine pair. Each has the gift of glib gab, each is a bit hoarse from freely using his gift of glib gab, and each is glibly gabbing.

Three Pols: When shall we three politicians meet again—In thunder, lightning, or in the improbable eventuality of our election to the class committee?

1st Pol: Our campaigns are sluggish.

2nd Pol: Too bug-in-the-ruggish.

3rd Pol: Supporters are laggard.

1st Pol: Support is too ragged.

2nd Pol: We must raise an issue.

3rd Pol: Or most votes will miss you.

1st Pol: Now Flunk harried much is,

2nd Pol: In Meanor Mark's clutches.

3rd Pol: Then let us defend him.

1st Pol: And maybe we'll get his vote.

3 Pols: Let us hie ourselves into yon classroom and undertake our venture.

1st Pol: Yes, let us hie. (*they hie*)

Pollux (*as they enter the room*): Hi!

3 Pols: 'Lo! (*First you have them high then you have them low*)

Flunk: Greetings, three politicians.

1st Pol: Flunk, we shall not fail you. (*Flunk is much struck by this unwonted sympathy. As he walks to his seat, he is visibly moved*)

M. M.: Gentlemen, be seated.

The Class: Da-da-a-a-a.

(*The ghost of the fly alights on Pollux's shoe*)

Flunk: Ah, mirabile dictu, there is a fly on Pollux's shoe that resembles my victim of yesterday. But horrible dictu, the fly is indeed that very creature I recognize the bruised antenna, the wide loud speaker. My brain (*typographical error*) is dazed. To kill the fly *facile dictu*, but *difficile factu*. Still I skirmish . . . feint a bit . . . At the last line, I hit. (*He lunges then awaits the "Squish" . . . but there is no "Squish"*)

Pollux: Ouch!

M. M.: Flunk, if your brutal onslaught were directed against a *bona fide* fly, I would punish you for cruelty to dumb animals. However, as your attack is made upon Pollux, I see no reason to change my decision. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Flunk (*finding his tongue after a short search*): Sir . . . I—

1st Pol (*jumping into the breach*): Sir, the slogan of the French Revolution was "Liberté, égalité, fraternité," which, translated, means, "Liberty, uh . . . égalité, fraternity." Flunk, sir, our Flunk, the scourge of Avenue Louis Pasteur, is an innocent victim of your violation of these precepts for which our ancestors bled at Bunker Hill (*jumps out of breach*).

2nd Pol: The Declaration of Independence mentions life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In your room, sir, Flunk is bereft of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but it seems that he has gotten life.

3rd Pol: Confucius says many people are haunted by Mr. Coffee Nerves. The class beseeches you, Flunk beseeches you, to switch to Hokum.

M. M.: So Flunk, you have taken to fomenting revolutions. There is no alternative. I must do my duty.

Flunk (*inspired, grips desk with both hands, points accusing finger at M. M.*): I can brook no more heckling. Tomorrow, sir, I heed the call of Mother Memorial. Goodbye forever. I have spoken. (*He stalks from the room, trips on the threshold. The bottom has fallen out of the stalk market.*)

Three Pols (*stunned*): Our prospect is gone with the wind. Where shall we find find another?

M. M.: And now, Pollux, as to your part in the affair . . . (*The eyes of the politicians light up; they rise; the first begins "Sir, the Magna Carta . . ."*)

CURTAIN

Joseph Levenson, '37.

WE'RE OFF AGAIN



FRESHMAN WHO THINKS HE'S LATE — WHY DON'T THEY GO OUT FOR FOOTBALL?

AT LAST WE KNOW WHY 2ND CLASSMEN BUY THE REGISTER 100 %



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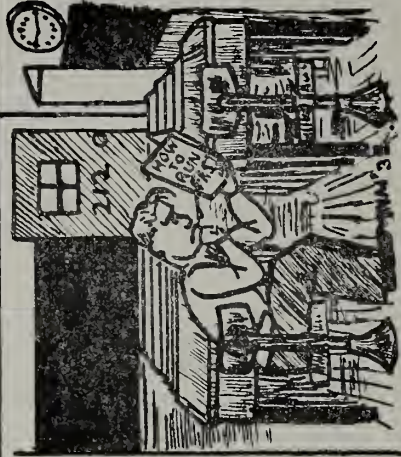
GLOOM



SCENE AT FRANKLIN FIELD



"SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SLIPPED ME THE WRONG ANSWER IN THAT FRENCH TEST"



IT HAPPENS TO THE BEST



FIRST DRILL DAY
THE OFFICERS DEMONSTRATE HOW TO MARCH

EXCHANGE

An "Exchange" column is of importance chiefly because it gives the members of the staff an insight into the methods and devices employed by other school papers. Weighty problems of the editors of one paper are often solved by the study of other magazines the editors of which have had the same problems to deal with at some previous time. However, "Exchanges" are also interesting to the school at large and should be brought to their attention.

It is the purpose of this column, therefore, to bring to the students of this school interesting matter found in the publications of other schools. We intend to do this by the insertion of worthwhile

excerpts from the "Exchanges" in the form of poems, articles, and jokes. In the course of a year we receive approximately one hundred other school magazines. From these we will select each month some interesting and worthwhile material to make this column entertaining and revealing.

In this first issue, we present our aim and ask you to be patient with us. Thus far we have not received any "Exchanges" simply because very few schools have been able to publish a magazine at the time of our going to press. However, in the next issue of the *Register* we will get off to a flying start.

F. A. Regan '37.

ALUMNI

As usual, Latin School boys have set a high standard in scholarship at Harvard College during the past year. Seven former Latin School students were elected to the *Phi Beta Kappa* fraternity this year. They were E. J. Epstein, S. J. Freedberg, H. P. Hall, H. A. Levine, R. L. Martin, Alec Skolnick, and E. Sullivan. Freedberg, who was Art Editor of the *Register* when he attended the Latin School, was also a "*Summa Cum Laude*" man at Harvard, and is now traveling in Europe on a Fine Arts scholarship awarded him by that college. . . . Wil-

fred Kaplan '32 also earned the distinction of "*Summa Cum Laude*" as did Edward Sullivan '32. Kaplan was E.I.C. of the *Register* his last year here. . . . Isadore Nathan Rosenberg '35 obtained the Class of 1889 scholarship for receiving the highest mark in the College Board Examinations.

Among the many Latin School graduates who were named to the dean's list at M.I.T. for high scholastic work are the following: Kiley, Kulbersh, Rosenfeld, Zallen, Gesmer, Lucas, Epstein, Dufourd, Graves, Feins, and Samuel.

PEONY'S EXIT

The grass is a soft carpet,
But it is littered,
Strewn with glory.
Pink and white petals,
Sweetly scented, sleep
On its bosom.

David S. McNally, '37.

PURPLE

THE TEAM

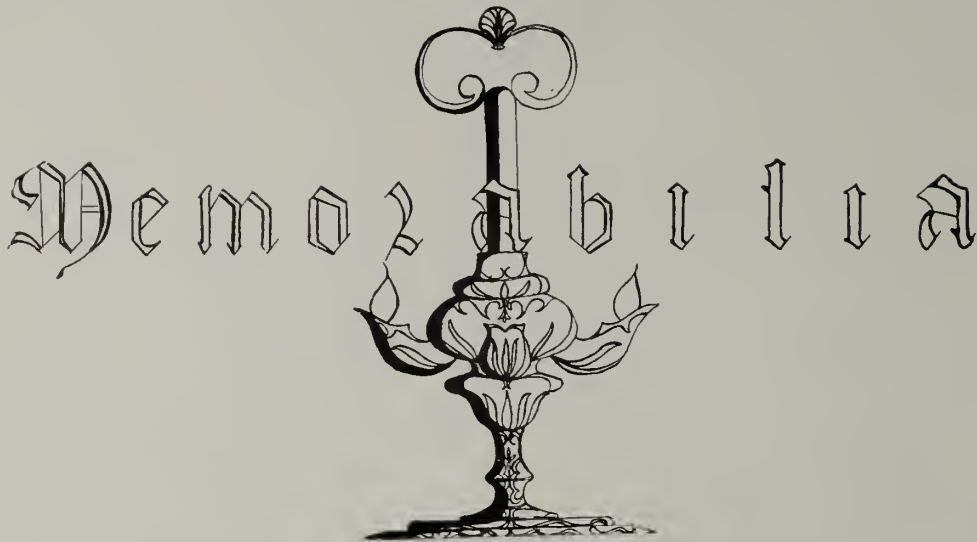


PARADE



1
9
3
6

(Courtesy of the Boston Herald)



October, 1881—It is our intention to edit a paper that will both benefit and amuse, that will bring the boys into closer relationship and make them realize that they are in common, the children of one of the oldest, grandest, and most renowned schools in the world. . . . There are at present about three hundred and seventy-five boys in the school. . . . This year's battalion is by far larger than any other within our remembrance. A new company has been added, raising the number to seven. . . .

October, 1886—It is a deplorable fact that there are so few good pen-men in our school (*Yea, even unto the present*) A High School boy (*now called English*) who entered the Latin School the other morning on an errand remarked on the quietness and good discipline of the boys when they came into the building. The school should continue to merit such praise (*I wonder what he'd say were he here to-day*). . . . (*Extract from an examination for admission to Latin School*) Q. What observations prove the spherical form of the earth? A. Because when a ship goes out of the harbor you can see her until she gets out of sight (*Yes, that was some time ago*). . . .

October, 1891—There are at present nine men trying for positions on the team (*This was football, which is, as you may know, played with eleven men. The other two positions which we lacked were put down in the line-up as One of the Spectators, and Minus Quantity*). . . .

October, 1901—*Ferruginea cymba corpora transvectat.* He ferries over the bodies in a rusty cymbal.

October, 1916—Do take some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs anyway. . . .

October, 1926—The faculty this year consists of fifty-one masters of whom the following are new: Messrs. James A. S. Callanan, John F. Cray, William A. Hartigan, and Philip Marson. . . .

October, 1931—(*Excerpt from an interview with the head-master*) " The Latin School traditions are really the background of the school. They are an essential part of the school, and to remove them would lower the high standards and destroy the outstanding individuality of the school. . . . Latin School, despite its clinging to tradition, has persistently ranked at the top in scholastic achievement." (*Keep your chins up, boys*) At an assembly. . . the headmaster

announced that English High School had closed registration because of overcrowded conditions . . . possibly because so many ex-Latinites were applying for admission. Now it seems a bit more probable that our athletic teams will remain intact. . . . (*Compare the next with 1891*) Coach Fitzgerald . . . issued a call for football aspirants the day after school opened. And what an answer he

got! The boys turned out one hundred and seventy-five strong. . . . Putting it mildly, the prospects this year are by far the rosier than have been seen on the horizon of Latin School football for some time (P. S.—*City Champs that year. Every game won by the shut-out route. B. L. S. seventy-nine points, Opp. none. B. L. S. 6, E. H. S. 0*).

David S. McNally '37

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Most advertisers in the *Satchel*, a Latin School publication of 1886, advertised books. . . . The combined football team of English, then called High School, and School publication of 1866, advertised single game. . . . Conditions to-day remind us of an old ruling of the Bedford Street Latin School, "Boys of this school are not to come into the building earlier than fifteen minutes before the time of commencing school." . . . English and Latin together once put out a magazine called the *Bedford Street Budget*. It went out of publication for a month in 1845 because promises to pay for subscriptions were not kept. (Subscription was eight cents a month, four copies) . . . In 1874 there were eight classes in Latin School. . . . The schools to whom the combined English-Latin team succumbed were West Roxbury High (now Jamaica), Dorchester, Newton High, Cambridge, Hopkinson, Brookline. They tied M.I.T. '88 and Roxbury Latin. . . . In playing off the Roxbury Latin tie English-Latin won, but at the end of the game both captains admitted it was a practise game and that Latin had lost by forfeit. . . . In the *Budget* was printed, "To anyone who will get us six subscribers out of the

Latin School, we will give a copy gratis." Copies at this time were two and one-half cents each . . . Also, "We want more communications from our friends of the High School [English]." [*Evidently the latter were not doing their part*]. . . . In 1862, when the boys were rough and tough, a football game between the Boston Public Latin School and the Epes Sargent Dixwell Private Latin School lasted two hours and forty-five minutes without a moment's hesitation (and football was no joke in those days, either). . . . The first *Exchange* column in the *Register* was started in 1922. . . . At one time tuition to Harvard College was paid in farm products. . . . Latin School is easy! In the curriculum of 1870, a six-year course only, twenty-five radically different subjects were treated, the names of which are too long to be enumerated here. . . . As regards gambling, in the Bedford Street building boys were warned against playing the most demoralizing game of marbles and pitching pennies. . . . [*You fellows get all the breaks.*] In the 1811 October *Register* it was coolly stated that contributions, literary of course, would be accepted from *Class I*. . . .

David S. McNally, '37.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



July 10-15—Date uncertain weather fair, with drastic temperatures rising after each mail delivery. To the uninitiated, the College Board results arrived.

Aug. 1-30—The summer has really begun!

Sept. 9—The thought of school on the morrow haunts us all night.

Sept. 10—The date stares us in the face. We can say no more.

Sept. 11—First homelessons! As Mr. Arnold would put it—Comme ça, comme ça!

Sept. 14—Cotton will be sold on all Mondays and Wednesdays, hereafter. Why? First meeting of the Band today.

Sept. 15—Meeting of the business staff of the *Register* Heard in a wastebasket:—

"Knock-knock."

"Who's there?"

"Wenners."

"Wenners who?"

"Wenners you going to stop asking us for *Register* money?"

Sept. 16—The stalwart football players were examined in the Assembly Hall dur-

ing the second period. The R. R. R. was declared "physically incapable" The first meeting of the Detention Club was held in Room 212. Late arrivals at school and class were invited to attend.

Sept. 17—Mr. Godfrey emphasizes each sentence by jerking down another map. When last seen, one side of his room looked as though the paper-hangers had just gotten through with it.

Sept. 18—Ye R. R. R. sneaked into the projection room to-day. Several old bottles with candles stuck in them are standing about. Many bloody hand-prints on the walls were observed. Methinks it's where the masters make out the home-lessons.

Sept 21—Assembly of classes I, II, III, and IVA. Mr. Wenners, addressing the students as "gentlemen", begged, urged, and exhorted them to buy the *Register* The R. R. R. answered the distress call of the orchestra for a piano player, but was turned down because of a "brilliant technique which would unbalance the orchestra".

Sept. 22—Eureka! Found—one (1). Class Oner who will not run for office "because I prefer to ride in my Duesenberg. "Whoops!

Sept. 23—The orchestra desires someone who can read music. Mr. Benson desires someone who can read.

Sept. 24—At last, they did it! Men among mice! The students of Brookline High burned down their school. To them ye R. R. R. offers his congratulations and an invitation to B. L. S.

Sept. 25—The Camera Club started clicking today First meeting of those budding Carusos, the Glee Club. We query, why "glee"?

Sept. 28—Assembly of classes V and VI First meeting of the Debating Club. Mr. Collins hopes that he "will see

such fine attendance again." He will . . . when the club pictures are taken.

Sept. 29—Assembly, classes III and IV Discovered in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*: the original "Knock, knock! Who's there?" (See "Drunken Porter" scene.)

Sept. 30—The Chess and Checker Club made the first move and crowned Lerner president.

Oct. 1—A regular B. L. S. for "Jupe Pluvius," who sent so much rain that school, like the World Series game, was called off!

Oct. 2—Mr. Godfrey astounds his pupils with the statement that "William Pitt was called 'The Father of the British Empire' because he was father of the British Empire."

Oct. 5—Assembly of the upper classes Levenson, at the ivories, lulled us to sleep and then villainously awoke us with a cannonade. First meeting of the Literary Club. Of course, we joined! We must have something after our name in the Year Book!

Oct. 6—Some worthy (311) interrupts a meeting of the Wearers of the Sunflower by appearing with an even dozen Roosevelt pins on his coat.

Oct. 7—Assembly of the lordly seniors Instead of being complimented on staying in school, as we had expected, the Class (except for those lucky Band and Drum Corps members) was assigned to corridor-patrol duty. What a coincidence that M—should patrol the candy counter!

Oct. 8—Flash! Beware of the Mad Photographer! One of the Upper Class students is sporting a Candid Camera, snapping teachers and students alike, and at inopportune moments. Masters especially . . . be on your guards.

Oct. 9—Has Mr. McGuffin's car finally broken down? He was seen walking down Longwood Avenue today The School Committee and the school gain our everlasting (until report cards come out) friendship by fire-drilling us into the yard as the "Hindenburg" passes.

Two straight! A lashing Latin attack smothered Groton, 6-0. We're on our way!

Oct. 12—

Columbus was a sailor brave;

He sailed the wide-spread sea,

Today his deed has made us glad—

No school for you and me.

(Bear up—you'll have another year of this "poitry")

RECITATION

— A Dirge —

The master scans his record-book,
Then glances up with smiling look;
He calls our name, and we arise.
The object of our classmates' eyes.

Why must he call on us—oh, why?
Our mark last month, was it too high?
Or can it be he has insight
We didn't do our work last night?

His question asked, we stand amazed . . .
It crushes us, and we are dazed;

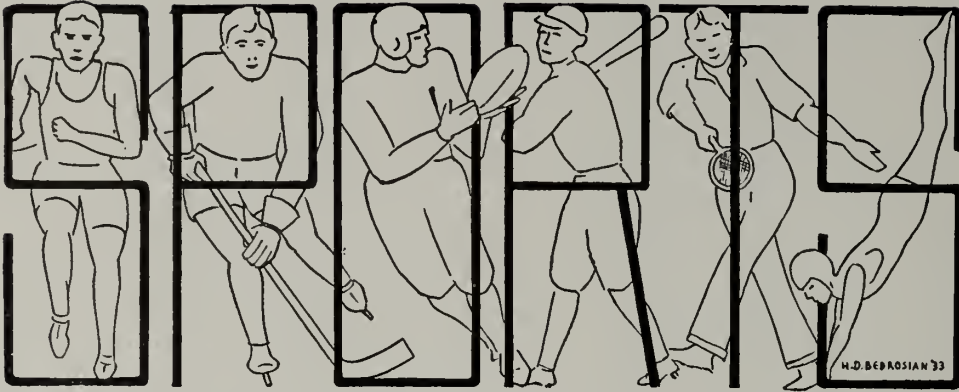
Then to our mind there comes a light,
And, nervously, we then recite.

The master sits with heart so gay
And watch-chain twirls, when with dismay
We find our statements make no sense;
And, trembling now, we recommence.

The master's eyes have lost their glow.
He calls on some one else to show
Where we were wrong (Don't we feel
glum!)

And in his book inscribes a "plum".

Everett J. Daniels, '37.



LATIN VS. ST. MARKS

On Oct. 3, Latin, playing its first game of the season, made an auspicious debut by taking St. Mark's into tow, 20 to 13, on the latter's gridiron. The score might have been more decisive, had the first team remained in longer.

Latin kicked off and was kept on the defensive for the early minutes of the game. However, after an exchange of kicks in which Gorman, the Purple captain, clearly outkicked his rival, the Latin schoolboys began a march from the 50-yard line which resulted in a touch-down by Brodde Bjorklund. The passing of "Scalpy" Walsh and the plunging of Brodde featured.

At the beginning of the second period, Latin began another march, but the home team put on a stubborn defense, when the goal-line was threatened. Latin, however, called on Walsh, who obliged by throwing a short pass to his end, Koufman, who was standing on the goal line, for the score. The half ended after St. Mark's finally managed to punch across a touch-down.

The second half was rather listless from a spectator's point of view, brightened only by the brilliant running of Murphy and Bjorklund. The latter managed to get away on one of these

occasions to tally six more points. "Danny" Dacey was then taken out of the line and delighted all by booting the oval cleanly through the uprights.

ANOTHER VICTORY

Latin's young but potentially powerful team locked horns with Groton in a crucial game Oct. 10. When the final whistle blew, the digits read 6 to 0 in favor of the boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur.

The game was played through a mist, with threatening weather at all times. However, it proved conclusively that the 1936 football team is playing as a unit rather than depending on any one player. Bjorklund, one of the best plunging backs Latin has ever seen, was missing, along with "Danny" Dacey, its outstanding lineman.

In the early part of the game, Groton was constantly in Latin's territory, uncovering a beautiful offense. To us on the sidelines, it looked as though the home team would score early on the surprised and seemingly weak Latin team. But the old proverb which says "The last five yards are the hardest" proved true, as the Latin team made a determined stand on its own goal line and took the ball away from its opponents.

From then on, a kicking duel ensued in which Capt. Gorman had a decided advantage. Towards the end of the second period Latin, taking advantage of its first break, promptly opened up and began to click. The ball was soon placed within scoring distance by Murphy's running and by a beautiful pass, Gorman to Crowley. With only a foot to go, Bjorklund was inserted into the fray and immediately plunged over for the score.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

With two victories already chalked up, Latin stands on the threshold of another good season. Capt. Gorman, modest as usual, refuses to make any predictions . . . Coach Fitzgerald has come up with another prize package in the personage of "Bob" Radley, a stocky red-headed Junior. "Bob" reported two weeks late, but is making a determined bid for a first team berth . . . "Hen" Sullivan, although but a lightweight, ought to see much service at end this year. . . . Loquacious "Billy" Murphy looks like the best running back on the squad, and the best punt-receiver. . . . Hear that the boys were more tired after their basketball game in the St. Mark's "gym" than

after the football game itself. . . . Walter Belecewicz, former football captain, distinguished himself by performing in a very creditable manner for Boston College in its first game. . . . Believe it or not, Brodde Bjorklund was sent to the lockers because he tackled the opposing backs too viciously in a recent scrimmage . . . "Dave" Gavin, another Latin School captain, is headed for All-American tackle honors at Holy Cross. "Dave" stands high as a student, too. . . . John Wallace has been the only player to do the iron-man act. "Johnny" played the whole St. Mark's game. . . . Opposing backfields look as if they have five men, Dacey is in there so often. . . . "Dick" Buckley, Walter Hoar, and "Jake" Murphy should be a great help to the team when they become eligible. "Jake" was a member of the starting backfield last year, while Buckley and Hoar are lettermen. . . . If last year's work can be taken as any criterion, Gorman, Bjorklund, and Dacey are headed for All-Scholastic honors. . . . By the time this issue reaches you, we sincerely hope the Latin team will have taken some of the leading city elevens into camp.

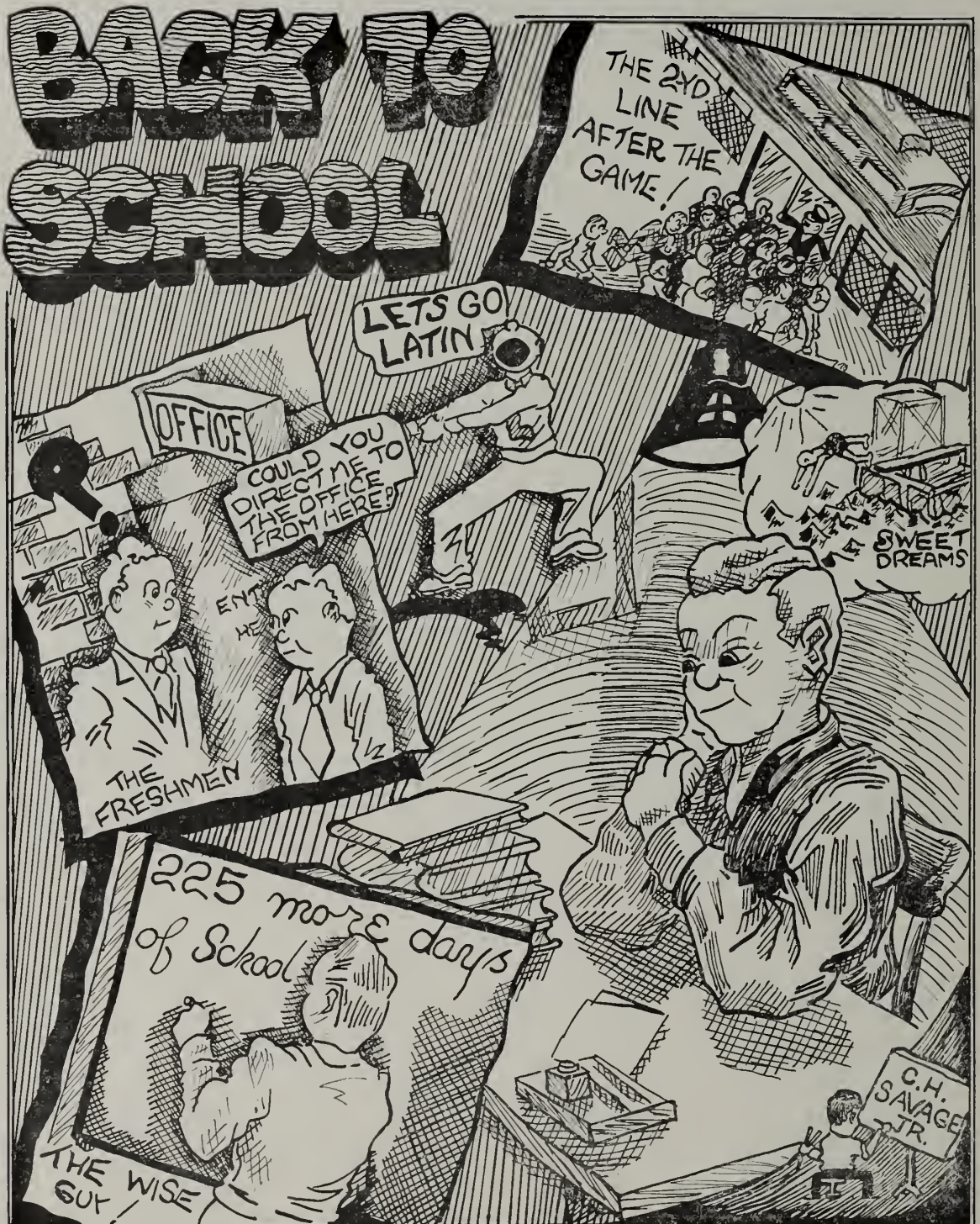
CLASS I OFFICERS

On Friday, October 23, 1936, Class I elected the following officers to carry on the duties thereby accepted:
 President—"Brodde" Bjorklund
 Vice-President—Joseph Levenson
 Sec'y-Treasurer—Robert J. Cahill

Class Committee:

J. F. Beatty, Chairman
 C. J. Ajauskas
 A. S. Applebaum
 A. G. Plackter
 E. J. Daniels

With these officers rides the hopes and good wishes of the graduating class.



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Oscar Wilde was noted for his plagiarism of witty remarks. One day, when a friend of his made a tart rejoinder, Oscar remarked, "My, but I wish I'd said that." To which a friend replied, "Don't fret, Oscar, you will."

A messenger (who has just seen Birnam wood approaching) to Macbeth, "Cheese it, de copse."

"By gad, James, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you'd have."

Chas. Lamb

Heard in the Library:

Did you take the school-car home yesterday?

NO, is it missing?

Query: What is the definition of nothing?

Reply: A bladeless knife without a handle.

Brodde: What's worrying you, Jack?

Beatty: I was just wondering how many legs you have to pull off a centipede to make him limp.

A fatuous young woman once remarked, "What a wonderful thing youth is." "Yes, and what a crime to waste it on children," the great G. B. Shaw replied.

One: So he's a reckless driver?

Two: Say, when the road turns the same way as he does, it's just a coincidence.

(On reading the Register:) Humph, I could write a story as good as this, if I had a mind to.

Pupil: Sure, but that's exactly what you lack.

Eve. News, London

"John, have you ever seen the Catskill Mountains?"

"No, but I've seen cats kill mice."

Salesman: This is a house without a flaw.

Prospect: By gosh, what do you walk on?

A mountaineer took his son to enroll him in a school.

"My boy's arter larnin; what have you got?" he asked the teacher.

"We offer English, Trigonometry, Spelling - - -"

"Well, give him some of that Trigger-nometry; he's the worst shot in the family."

A young American found himself seated beside an eminent Chinese, Wellington Koo, at a diplomatic banquet. Being at a loss as to what to say to a Chinese, he said, "Likee soupee?"

Mr. Koo smiled and nodded. Several moments later, when called upon to say a few words, he delivered a brilliant little talk in flawless English, sat down while the applause was still resounding, turned to the young man and said, "Likee speachee?"

"I Wish I'd Said That"

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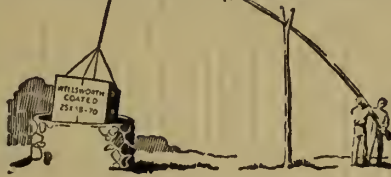
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